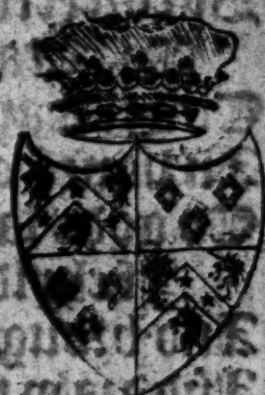


# **A Preaty Interlude called, Nice wanton.**

(\*)



Wherein ye may see,  
Thre braunces of an yll tree,  
The mother and her chyldren thre,  
Twoo naught, and one godlye.

Early warpe, that wyl be thorne,  
Soone yll, that wyl be naught;  
To be naught, better byborne,  
Better byred, then naughtely taught.

*The mocha magno, quoniam puella decorat.*

Personages.

The Chellenger.

Barnabas,  
Ismael,  
Dalla,  
Eulalia.

(Antipope)  
(Worldly Wame)  
(Daniel the tudge)

Anno Domini.  
M.D.LX.  
(\*)

## The Prologue.

**T**he prudent Prince Salomon, doth say,  
He that spareth the rod, the childe doth hate  
He wold youth shuld be kept in awe alwaye  
By correction in tyme at reasonable rate,  
To be taught to fear god, and theyr parents obey  
To get learning and qualitties, thereby to maintain  
An honest quiet lyfe, correspondent alway,  
To gods law and the kynges, for it is certayne  
If chyldren be noshed in idlenes and yll,  
And brought up therein, it is hard to restrayne,  
And draw them from naturall wont euyl,  
As here in thys Interlude, ye shall se playne.  
By two chyldren brought up wantonly in play,  
Whom þe mother doth cherishe, wher she shuld chastise  
They de lyte in dalliaunce and mischief alwaye,  
At last they ende theyr lyues in miserable wyse.  
The mother perswaded by worldly frame,  
That she was the cause of theyr wretched lyfe,  
So pensife, so forowfull, for theyr death, she became,  
That in despaire she would dead her self with a knife  
Then her sonne Barnabas, (by interpretacyon,  
The sonne of comfort,) her all purpose do stay,  
By the scriptures he geueth her godly consolation  
And so concludeth all these partes wyl we playe.



ANIMOS ORNED

A. I. C. R.

(\*)



**M**y master in my lesson yester day,  
 Myd recite this text of Ecclesiasticus,  
 man is prone, to euil, fro his youth, did he say

whych sentence may wel be verified in vs.  
 My selfe, my brother, and sister Dalila,  
 whom our parentes to theyr cost to scoole do fynde  
 I care for them here, time palleth away,  
 I loose my learning, they euer loyter behynde.

If I go before, they do me threate,  
 To complayne to my mother, she for theyr sake,  
 Being her tender tidlynges, wyl me beate:  
 Lorde, in thys perplexit ye, what way shall I take?  
 what wyl become of them: grace god them sende,

To apply their learning, and theyr manners amend.

Here we comen, and here we lounen,

And here we will abide abyde ay.

I ye brother ye, & specyally you sister Dalila,

Sobrenes becommeth maydes alway

what ye dolt ye beueet in one songe,  
 yea sir it shall cost you blowes ere it be longer.

Be ye not ashamed the treauandes to play,  
 Losing your time & learning, & that euery day

Lernyng bringeth knowledg of god, & honest living

yea mary, I warrant you, master hodypeke, (to ge

Learne a pace sytter, and after to spy and to wey

And other honest hys wisely poyntes to knowe.

Spye qtrod ha, yea by p masse, and youre heles op

for a good mouse hunt, is cat after hyng

Let us spekyng corrupteth good manners.

Come, let vs go, if ye wil to scole thys day.

I shall be went for taryng so longe,

**Smael** Go get the hence, thy mouth full of horse donge.  
Now pretty syster, what sport shall we deuyse?  
Thus paltynge to scole, I thynke vs vnwyse  
In sommer dye for thyrst, in wynter for colde,  
And styl to liue in feare of a churle, who would?  
Not I by the masse, I had rather be hanged were  
**Salila** Then I would syt quakyng like a mome for feare  
I am sonne burned in sommer, in winter the colde,  
Maketh my limmes grosse, and my beauty decay,  
If I should vse it, as they would I should,  
I should neuer be fayre woman I dare say.

**Smael** No syster no, but I can tell,  
Where we shal haue good chiere,  
Lusty companions two or thre,  
At good wyne, ale and biere,

**Salila** Oh good brother let vs go,  
I wyll neuer go more to to scole,  
Shall I neuer knowe,  
What pastyme meaneth?

**Salila** Yes, I wyll not be such a foole.

**Smael** Haue with the **Salila**,  
fare well our scole,

**Salila** A way with boke and all,  
I wyll set my heart,

**Salila** On a mery pynne,  
what euer shall befall.

**Salila** Lorde what folly is in youth?

**Salila** Howe vnhappy be chyldren now a dayes?

And the more pitye, to say the truth.

Their parentes mainteyn them in euyl wayes:

which is a great cause that the world decayes,

for chyldren brought vp in ydlenes and play.

Unthristy



unthristy and disobedient, continue alway.

A neyghbour of myne hath chyldren here by,  
Idle, desobedient, proude, wanton and nyce.

As they come by, they do shewed turnes daily,

Their parentes so to suffer them surely, be not wise.

They laugh me to scorne, whē I tel the mine aduise.

I wil speake to their elders & warne the neighborly.

Neuer in better tyme, their mother is here by,

God saue you gossyp, I am very sayne,

That you chaunce now to come thys way.

I longe to talke with you a word owtwayne,

I pray you take it frendly that I shall say:

I smael your sonne, and your daughter Basila.

Do me shewde turnes, dayly more and more,

Chide and beat my chyldren, it greueth me sore.

They sweare, curse & scold, as they go by & way,

Giuyng other yll ensample to do the same,

To gods displeasure, and they hurt an oether day,

Chastyce them for it, or els ye be to blame.

Tusse tusse, if ye haue no more then that to saye,

Ye maye holde your tonge and get ye a waye,

Alas poore soules, they sit a scoole all day,

In feare of a churle, & yet a lytle they play,

He beateth them lyke a deuyl: when they come home

Your mestreship would haue me lay on,

If I would beate them so oft as men complayne,

By y masse w in this month, I shuld make the lame

Be not offended I pray you, I must say more,

Your sonne is suspect, lyght syngered to be,

Your daughter hath nyce trickes three or foure,

Se to it in tyme, leaste worse ye do see.

He that spareth the rod, hateth the chylde truly,

yet Salomon to his correction both meane,  
Not to beate and bounce them to make them lame:

Antippe God thanke you mestres, I am well at ease  
Such a foole to teache me, preaching as he please,  
Danne ye belye them deadly I know playne,  
Because they go handsonly ye disdayne,

Dalila. Then on the other as well would I complayne,  
But your other some is good, and no thank to you.  
These wyl ye make naught by swete Jesu.

Antippe Cupliade, my chyldren naught ye lye,  
By your malice they shal not set a lye,  
I haue but one inome, in comparison of hys brother  
Him the foole prayseth, and despiseth the other.

Dalila. Well Antippe, better in time, then to late,  
Seing ye take it so, here my leaue I take.

Antippe Marry good leaue haue ye, the gret god be to you  
By chyldren or I be curst I thinke,  
They be complayned on where euer they go,  
That for theyr pleasure they might drynke.  
Say by this the poor fowles be come fro ferle weep,  
I will go get them meate to make them merce,

Iniqui. Lo, lo, here I bringer (Iniquitie, Ismael,

Ismael what is the now ye haue her? (and Dalila, come in

Dalila. A lusty nyngon tomer. (together.

Iniqui. For no golde wyl I gyue her

all together welcom in my honny ay.

Iniqui. Oh my heart. Here he speaketh,

Dalila. Thys wenche can synge,

And play her parte,

Dalila. I am yours (and you mine) with all my hart.

Iniqui. By the masse it is well songe,

were ye not so ye were a mayd so longe?



I fe maister iniquitie I fe. I am a mayd yet,  
 No sister no, your maidenhead is sicke:  
 That knaue your brother wyl be a blabbe styl,  
 I wisse Dalila ye can say as muche by him, if ye wil.  
 By him quod ha, he hath whores two or thre,  
 But ichetell your minion doll, by gogs body:  
 It skylleth not she doth holde you as muche  
 ye lye falsly, she wyl play me no suche touche,  
 Not she yes to do your heart good  
 I could tell you who putteth a bone in your hood.  
 Peace whore, or ye beare me a bore an theare,  
 Here is mine eare knaue, stryke and thou dare,  
 To suffer him thus ye be no man,  
 If ye wyl not reuenge me, I wyl fynd one,  
 To set so litle by me, ye were not wont,  
 Well, it is no matter,  
 Though ye do ceteri nolunt,  
 Peace Dalila, speake ye laten poore foole,  
 No no, but a prouerbe I learned at scoole.  
 I fea syster, you went to scole til ye were past grace  
 I fea, so dydst thou by thy knaues face.  
 Well, no more a do, let all thys go,  
 Noe kinssolke must be frendes, it must be so.  
 Come on come on come on,  
 Here they be, that wyl do us al good,  
 If ye vse it long, ydur hear wil grow thought your  
 Come on knaue with christes curle,  
 I must haue some of the mony,  
 Thou hast pickt out of thy fathers purse,  
 He, by the masse if he can get his purse,  
 Dauid then he maketh it by halfe the worse.  
 I desire you both whore and knaue

Dalila  
 Ismae  
 Iniqui

Dalila

Ismae

Dalila

Ismae

Dalila

Iniqui

Dalila

Ismae

Dalila

Iniqui

he casteth  
 dice on the  
 bo: d.

Ismae

Iniqui

Dalila

Ismae

A. iiii.

what

Iniqui. What ye pryntroches, begin ye to raue?

Come on.

Dalila. Mayster Iniquitie, by your leaue,

I wyl play a crowne or two here by your sleue

Ismael. Then be ye seruiaunt to a worshypfull mon.

Mayster Iniquitie, a right name by saint John.

Dalila. What can ye say by mayster Iniquitie?

I loue hym and his name most hertely,

Iniqui. God a mercy Dalila, good lucke, I warrant the,

he kisseth I wil thryue you both by and by,

Ismael. Come on, but first let vs haue a songe.

Dalila. I am content, so that it be not longe.

Iniquitie and Dalila singe.

Iniqui. Golde lockes,

She must haue knockes,

Or els I do her wronge,

Dalila. when ye haue your wyl,

ye were best lye still,

The winter nightes be longe

Iniqui. When I ne may,

An other assay,

I wyl take it for no wronge:

Dalila. Then by the roode,

A bone in your hoode,

I shall put ere it be longe.

Ismael. She murthereth you sir.

Iniqui. By gogs bloud he is the best whore in England.

Dalila. It is knauishly praysed, gyue me your hand,

Iniqui. I woud thou haddest suche in other,

Ismael. By the masse rather then. ii. pound brother.

Iniqui. Here sirs, come on leuen.

A leauen at all. They let him.



Dope nycke bs be knaue your noth  
Ten myne

Syre myne,

Haue at it, and it were for all my fathers kyne,

It is lost by his woundes, and ten to one,

Take the dice Dalila, cast on,

Come on fyre,

(he casteth, & they set,

Thyue at fayrest,

Gup whore, and I at rest,

Bi gogs bloud, I wene god & the deuyl be agentt me

If thone forsake the, thother wyll take the,

Then is he a good fellow, I would not passe,

So that I myght beare a rule in hell by the masse,

to tolle fierbrandes at these peny fathers pates,

I would be porter and receiue them at the gates,

In boyling lead & brimston, I wold sethe the ech one

The knaues haue al þ mony, good fellows haue none

Play brother, haue ye lost all your money now?

yea, I thanke that knaue and suche a whore as þ,

It is no matter, I wyll haue money or I wil swete,

By gogs bloud I wyll robbe the next I mete,

yea, and it be my father

Thou boy, by the masse ye wyl clyme the ladder,

Ah. sira, I loue a wenche that can be wylle,

She perceyued my mind, with a twinke of myne eye,

If we two play boody on any man,

we wyll make him as bare as Job anone,

wel Dalila, let se what ye haue won,

Sir, I had .x. shillinges when I begon,

And here is all, euery fartyng,

ye lye lyke a whoore, ye haue won a pound,

Then the deuyl stryke me to the ground,

B.i.

I

**iniqui.** I will fele your pocket, by your leaue messres,  
**Dalila.** A way knaue, not mine by the masse,  
**iniqui.** Yes bi god, & geue you this to boot, he geueth her  
**Dalila.** Out hore son knaue, I bespew thy hert root (a box  
wilt thou rob me & beat me to?

**iniqui.** In the way of correction but a blowe or twoo,  
**Dalila.** Correct thy dogges thou shalt not beate me,  
I wyl make your knaues fleshe cut I warrant the,  
ye thynke I haue no frendes, yes I haue in store,  
A good felow or two percaunce more.

**he goeth** yea, by the masse they shall bore you for this geare,

**iniqui.** A knaue I found the, a knaue I leaue the here.

Sup whoze, do ye heare this iade?  
Louting when is pleased,  
when she is angry thus shrewd,  
Chief boother, tyller whoze,  
Two grafes of an yll tree,  
I wyl tary no longer here,  
Fare well, god be with ye.

**Dalila.** **he goeth out**  
Alas wretched wretche that I am,  
Most miserable caritise that euer was borne,  
Full of payne and sorow, croked and lome.  
Scufft with diseases in this world to lome.

**commeth in** My fenowes be thronken, my flesh eaten w poches  
**ragged, her** My bones full of ache, & great payne,  
**face hid, or** My head is bald, that bare yelow loches,  
**disfigured,** Croked I crepe to the earth agayne,  
**hangs on** Mine eye sight is dimme, my hands tremble & shake  
**a staffe,** My stomake abhorreth all kynd of meate,  
For lacke of clothes, great cold I take,  
When appetite serueth, I can get no meate,  
where I was fayne and amiable of face,

Now



Now am I foule and horrible to see,  
All this I haue I deserued for lacke of grace,  
Justly for my sinnes god doth plague me.

My parentes did tidle me, they were to blame,  
In steade of correction, in yll did me maintaine,  
I felt no naught, and shall dye with shame,  
Yet all thys is not halfe of my greife and payne.

The wounde of my conscience þ shall neuer dye,  
Accuseth me dayly more and more,  
So oft haue I sinned wilfully,  
That I feare to be damned for euer more.

What wofull wight art thou? tell me, Barnabas,  
That here most greuously doest lament,  
Confesse the truth, and I wil comfort the,  
By the word of god omnipotent:  
Although your tyme ye haue mispent,  
Repent and amend while ye haue space,  
And god wyll restore you to heath and grace.

To tell you who I am I dare not for shame, Dalila,  
But my filthy liuing hath brought me in this case,  
Full oft for my wantonnes you doo me blame,  
Yet to take your counceyl I had not the grace,  
To be restored to health, alas it is past,  
Disease hath brought me into suche decay,  
Helpe me with your almose, while my lyfe doth last,  
That like a wretche as I am, I may go my way.

Shewe me your name sisset I you pray, Barnabas,  
And I wil helpe you now at your nede,  
Both body and soule wyl I fede.

your haue named me already, if I durst be so bold Dalila,  
you sister Dalila, that wretche I am,  
My wanton nice toyes ye knew of olde,

Alas brother they haue brought me to thys shame,  
whē you went to scole, my brother & I wold play  
Sweare, chide, & scode weth man and woman,  
To do shrewde turnes, our delyte was alwaye,  
yet were we tidled, and you beaten nows than,  
Thus our parentes let vs do what we woulde,  
And you by correction they kepte the vnder awe:  
when we grewe bigge, we were sturde and bolde  
By father and mother we set not a frame,  
Small matter for me, I am past,  
But your brother and mine is in gread ioperdy:  
In daunger to come to shame at the last,  
He frameth hys liuing so wyckedly.  
I well liker, I euer feared ye wold be nought,  
your lewde behauiours sore greue my hart  
to trayn you to goodnes, al meanes haue I sought,  
But in vaine, yet wyl I play a brotherly part.  
For y the soul is more precyous, most devely bought  
with the bloud of Christe, dyng therfore:  
To saue it first, a meane must be sought,  
At gods hand by Christe, mannes onely sautor,  
Consider Dalila, goddess fatherly godnes,  
which for your good, hath brought you in thys case.  
Scourged you with hys rod of pure loue doubleles,  
that ones knowing your self, ye might cal for grace,  
ye seme to repent, but I doubt whater,  
for your sinnes, or for the misery ye be in.  
Earnestly repent for your synne rather,  
for these plagues be but the reward of sinne,  
But so repent that ye sinne no more,  
And then beleue with stedfast faith:  
That god wyl forgewe you for evermore,



For Chrystes sake, as the scripture sayth.

As for your bodye, if it be curable,  
I wyl cause to be healed, or during your life:  
I wyl clothe you, and fete you as I am able,  
Come sister, go with me, ye haue nede of relief.

As a iudge of the countrey here am I come,  
Sent by the kynges Maiestye, Justyce to do:  
Chiefly to procede in iudgement of a felon,  
I tary for the verditte of the quest ere I go.

Go bailly, know whether they be all a greed or no  
If they be so, byd them come a way  
And bring their prisoner, I wold hear what they say

I go my Lord, I go, to soone for one,  
He is lyke to play a cast, wil breake his necke bone,  
I beseeche your lordshipp be good to hym,  
The man is come of good kynne,  
If your Lordshipp would be so good to me,  
As for my sake to set hym free,  
I could haue .xx. pount in a purse,  
Pea, and your Lordshipp a right faire horse,  
Well worth ten pound.

Get the a way thou hell hound,  
If ye were well examined and tried,  
Perchaunce a false knaue ye would be spied,

Brybes (saith Salomon) blind & wise mans sight  
That he can not se to geue iudgement right,  
Should I be a bribar: nay, he shall haue the law  
As I s we to god and the kyng obedience and awe.

We be tyed sayre ynough for rummyng a way  
If ye do not after me, ye wyl be hanged I dare say  
If thou tell no tales, but holde thy tounge,  
I wyl set the at lybertye ere it be longe.

B.iii.

Though

Thet goo  
Danie  
The iuge  
Iniquitie  
baply err  
come in, t  
iudge sit  
rath down

He tellet  
hym in by  
eare the al  
may heare

Daniel th  
iudge.  
Iniquitye  
goeth oure  
p iudge sp  
ken thyl.

Iniqu  
They bring  
Almael in  
bound tyer  
a prisoner.

Though thou be iudged to dye anon,  
Come on firſt, I pray you come on,  
Be ye all agreed in one? one of the ſpeaketh  
yea my Lord, every chane, for ſ quest.

Where Iſmael was intided by xii. men,  
Of felony, burglary, and murdre,  
As thinditement declareth, howe, where, and when  
ye heard it read to you lately in ordre:  
you with the reſt, I truſt all true men,  
Be charged bpō your othes to giue verdyte directly,  
Whether Iſmael therof be guilty or not guilty.

Guilty (my Lord) and moſt guilty,  
Wilt thou hange my Lord, hoſon noddie?  
The loade haue mercy vpon the,

Cuſthe, holde thy tonge and I warrant the  
Thou ſhalt go to the place thou canſt fro,  
Tyl to morow. ix. of the clocke, there to remaine,  
To the place of execution then ſhalt thou go  
There be hanged to death, and after againe,  
Being dead, for example, to be hanged in a chain,  
Take hym away, and ſe it be done.

At your perill that may fall thereupon.

Iſmael. Though I be iudged to dye, I require reſpite,  
For the hinges advantage in thinges I can recite,

A way with him he wyll ſpeake but of ſpyte,  
Iudge. well, we will heare you ſay what you can.

But ſe that ye wrongfully accuſe no man.

Iſmael. I wyll be lye no man, but thys I may ſay,  
Here ſtandeth he that brought me to thys waye:

Inqui. My Lorde, he lyeth like a dampned knaue,  
The feare of death doth make hym raue,

Iſmael. His naughtye company and playe at dice,

Wro



Byd me first to stealyng entice.  
He was w me at roberies, I say it to his face,  
yet can I say more in tyme & space.

Thou hast said to much, I besyre w thi honours face Iniqu  
Hange him my Lord, out of the way,  
The thief careth not what he doth say  
Let me be hangman, I wil teathe him a sleight,  
For feare of talkyng. I wil strangle him streight,  
Carry here that lyst, for I wyl go. he would go.

No no my frend, not so,  
I thought alwayes ye should not be good,  
And now it wil proue, I se by the rood,  
Take him and lay him in yrons stronge,  
we wil talke with you more ere it be longe,

Judge

They tal  
him in a b  
ter. he fig  
teth w the  
Iniqu

He that layeth handes on me in this place,  
I che lay my brawlyng yron on his face:  
By gogs blood I desyre thy worst,  
If thou shouldest hange me I were a curst.  
I haue bene at as low an ebbe as this,  
And quykely a lost again by gille:  
I haue no frendes then ye thynke I haue,  
I am entertained of all men lyke no slaue:  
yea, within this moneth I may say to you,  
I wyl be your seruauit, and your maister to,  
ye, crepe into your brest, wyl ye haue it so?

A way with them both, leade them away,  
At his death tell me what he doth say,  
For then he lyke he wyl not lye,

Judge

I care not for you both, no not a fly: they lead the Iniqu  
If no man haue here, more matter to say. (out. Judge  
I must go hence some other way. he goeth out

Hah ha, though I come in rudely be not agast, worldly  
I must worke a feate in al the hall, thame.

I

I haue caught two byrdes, I wyll set for the dame,  
If I catche her in my clutche, I wyll her tame.

Of all thys while know ye not my name?

I am right worshipfull maister wordly shame,

The matter that I come now about,

Is euen thys, I put you out of doubt.

There is none Fantippe, a curst shrew,

I thynke al the world doth her knowe,

Suche a rade she is, and so curst a quene,

She would out scold the deuils damie I wene.

Sirs thys fine woman, had babes thre,

Wayne the derest darlings that might be.

Ismael and faire Dalila, these two,

With the loute Barnabas, I haue nothyng to do.

All was good, that these tidlynges do might,

Sweare, lye, steale, scolde or fight.

Cardes, dyce, hyll, clippe and so furth,

All this our Hammy would take in good worth.

Now sir, Dalila my daughter is dead of þe pockes.

And my son hanged in chaynes, & waueth his lockes.

These newes wil I tel her, and the matter so frame.

That she shal be thynne owne mayster wordly shame.

Hah ha ha.

Peace, peace, she cometh hereby,

I spoke no word of her, no not I.

Oh Mistres Fantippe, I can tell you nedes,

The fayre wenche your dere daughter Dalila,

Is dead of the pockes, taken at the stewes,

And thy sonne Ismael, that preaty boy.

Whom I dare say you loued very well,

Is hanged in chaynes, euer man can tell.

Euery man saith thy daughter was a strong whore.

And



And thy sonne a strong chief, & a murderer to  
It must needs greue you wonderous sore,  
That they died so shamefully both two:

Men wyl taunt you and mock you, for they say now  
The cause of their death, was euen berpe you,

Is the cause of their death? She wold sowe  
wyl ye sowe, the deuyl stop thy breath?

Fatippe  
worldly  
shame.

Thou shalt die (I trow) with more shame

I wyl get me hence out of the way,

If the whore should dye, men would me blame,

That I killed her, knaues should say. Exit.

Fatippe

Alas alas, and weale away,

I may curse the time that I was borne,

Neuer woman had suche fortune, I dare say,

Alas two of my chyldren be forlorne.

My faire daughter Dalila is dead of the pockes,

My dere sonne Ismael hanged vp in chaynes,

Alas the wynd waueth his yelow lockes,

It fleaeth my heart, and breaketh my braynes.

Why should god punish a plague me so sore?

To se my chyldren dye so shamefully,

I wil neuer eate bread in this world more

In this knife wyl I slep my self by & by. She wold stick her  
self a with a knife.

Beware what ye do, eye mother eye,

Wyl ye spyl your selfe for your own offence

And seme for euer to exclude gods mercy,

God doth punysh you for your negligence:

Wherfore take his correction with patience,

And thanke him hertely, that of his godnes

He bringeth you in knowledge of your trespass.

For when my brother & sister were of yonge age,

You saw they were geuen to ydlenes and play,

C.i.

would

Barnabas.

would apply no learning, but liue in outrage,  
And mencomplained on them every day,  
ye winked at theyr faultes, and tidled them alway,  
By maintenaunce they grew to mischief and yll,  
So at last gods Justice did them both spill.

In that god preserued me, small thanke to you  
If god had not geuen me speciall grace,  
To auoyd euil, and do good, this is true,  
I had liued and dyed in as wretched case:  
As they did, for I had both suffraunce and space,  
But it is an olde prouerke, you haue herd it I think  
That god wyl haue se, shall not wyne.

Yet in this we may al take comfort,  
They toke great repentaunce I heard say,  
And as for my sister, I am able to report,  
She lamented for her sinnes, to her dyng day:  
To repent and beleue I exorthed her alway,  
Before her death she beleued that god of his mercy  
For Christes sake, would saue her eternally.

If you do euen so, ye nede not despatre,  
For god will frely remitte your sinnes all,  
Christe hath payed the ransom, why shuld ye fear.  
To beleue this and do well, to god for grace call.

All worldly cares let passe and fall,  
And thus comfort my father, I pray you hartely,

Katippe I haue a lytle to say, I wyl come by and by.

gorth oure, Right gentle audience, by thys Interlude ye may se  
How dangerous it is, for the frailtye of youth,  
Without good gouernaunce, to lyue at libertye,  
Suche chaunces as these, oft happen of truth  
Many miscary, it is the more ruth,  
By negligence of their elders, & not taking payne.



In tyme good learnyng & qualities to attayne.

Therfore exhortyng al parentes to be diligent,  
In bringing bp their children, yea to be circumspect  
Least they fall to euill, be not negligent,  
But chastice them before they be sore infect:  
Accept their well doing in yll them reiect,  
A yonge plant ye may platte & bove as ye wyll,  
Where it groweth strong, there wyll it abyde styll  
Euen so by chyldren, in theyr tender age,  
Ye may worke them like ware, to your own entent  
But if ye suffer them longe to liue in outrage,  
They wil be sturdy and stiffe, and will not relent:  
O ye chyldren, let your tyme be well spent,  
Applye your learnyng and your elders obey,  
It wil be your profit an other day.

Now, for the Quenes Royall maiestie let vs pray,  
That god (in whose handes is þe hert of al Quenes,)  
Maye endure her highnes w godly puissance alwaye  
that her grace may long raighe & prosper in al things  
In gods word & iustice may giue light to al Quenes  
Let vs pray for the honorable counceyl & nobilitie,  
that they may alwayes counseyl in wysdō w tranquillity,  
God saue the Quene, the Realme and coniualltie.

He knele  
downe

He make  
curtesie  
goeth out

¶ Finis.



asking;  
answers  
g other  
salwaies  
itt. stasse  
pling to  
her.

**¶ A longe.**

**¶ It is good to be mery.**

**But who can be mery?**

**He that hath a pure conscience,**

**He may well be mery.**

**¶ Who hath a pure conscience tel me?**

**No man of him self, I ensure the,**

**Then must it folow of necessitie,**

**That no man can be mery.**

**¶ Wherfore it selfe may purenes geue,**

**you must aske it of God in true beleue,**

**Then wyl he geue it, and none reprene,**

**And so we may be mery.**

**¶ What is the practice of a conscience pured**

**To loue and feare God, and other allure,**

**And for his sake, to helpe hys neighbour,**

**Then may he well be mery.**

**¶ What shall he haue, that can and wil do this**

**After this life, euerlasting blisse,**

**yet not by desert, but by gyft y'wille,**

**There god make vs all mery.**

**¶ Finis.**



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